

ca with dyspeptics and neutrotomics and a vicious idea among mothers to curtail the number of children has filled our land with suffering and incurable women. There is no remedy in the drug store for these people. Remove the cause and the effect will subside. Every day I am asked for medicine for teething babies. Teething has no more to do with making a baby sick than the color of its hair.

THESE ARE BETTER THAN MEDICINE

People everywhere when not feeling well should surround themselves with better sanitary and hygienic conditions, with comforts such as are now within reach of all, cool water, pure water and screens, less meat, more well cooked and wholesome vegetables, a season of rest, every year, come what may; less whiskey, more sleep, fewer crimes against the home, purer lives, less work and more play, and and absolute rejection of the strenuous life.

Twenty-seven years of active practice has convinced me that if I had only written prescriptions for those who really need medicine, and for whom medicine unaided could really have been curative, they could have not been one-tenth of one per cent of the total. Medicines can ease pain, cause sleep and control the great emunctories. Beyond that they are impotent and harmful, substituting an artificial make-shift for a normal physiological condition.

If space were allowed me I would be glad to discuss the diseases and their causes that are undermining the vital forces of America and filling the asylums, the jails and the graves, conditions that should the general government refuse to control for another century, well eventuate in the creation of the most degenerate race of people ever known to inhabit the earth. Whiskey and nameless vices, the inter-marrying of the moral degenerates and the mentally and physically defective, will vindicate by and by, the teaching, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."—Dr. V. P. Armstrong, Dallas, Texas, in Texas Farm and Ranch.

From Bad to Worse.

Village Druggist.—I understand the church committee has decided to raise your salary.

Village Parson.—Well, I hope it isn't true.

Village Druggist.—Why, man, are you crazy?

Village Parson.—No; but I will be if I have to collect a larger salary. I have trouble enough collecting the small salary they pay me now.—Chicago News.

The Frenchman did not know all about the English language.

"I would like to come see ver' much. In fact, I would have come, only I thought you vere ver' busy. I do not like to cockroach upon your time."

"Not 'cockroach,' that's not right. You should say 'encroach, encroach.'"

"Aha, that is it, 'hencroach, hencroach.' I see. I have got de gender of de verb wrong."—C. Stratton in Lippincott's Magazine.

The New Bern Defaulter a Degenerate.

"Oh, speculation is only a detail so far as the cause is concerned. Dewey was a degenerate. Yes, I mean just that. I have known him for many years. I knew him when he was more interested in Y. M. C. A. work and the Methodist church than in anything else. He would do to tie to, then. But his real downfall is to be dated from the time that he quit the Y. M. C. A. and learned to dance and play poker. He did everything well, by the way. He was a strong and useful force in the church, and he learned to play one of the smoothest poker games that anybody ever went up against.

"Any man who learns to be one of the boys after he is twenty-five years old will bear watching. The world places faith in the worst sort of a dissipated man who reforms, but nobody can afford to have confidence in a man who has been good through his youth and deliberately learns the way of naughtiness after he is the full measure of a man and the head of a family. Dewey's embezzlement, or degeneration in a financial way, practically began about the time he learned to waltz.

"But nobody suspected anything and he had the confidence of every man, woman and child in New Bern who knew him. He was a big-hearted, gentle sort of a fellow, but entirely too much of a lady. Why, he was the best dressmaker in New Bern and he could make every part of a woman's dress—bottom to top, inside and outside."—Interview in Charlotte Observer.

A Definition of a Definition.

Senator Stewart, of Nevada, mountainous and graybearded, used the word "intrinsic" in a speech before a committee.

"Here," interrupted Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, "you didn't use the word right."

"What word?" asked Senator Stewart.

"Why, 'intrinsic.'"

"Yes, I did."

"Webster doesn't say so."

"Webster? What Webster?"

"Now, see here," growled Stewart, "I am tired of having that book quoted at me. Why, every schoolboy knows it is a mere jumble of words."—Selected.

Durable.

"Was his marriage a success?" "I should say it was. He has tried to secure a divorce in South Dakota, New York, Oklahoma, and England, and his marriage still holds."—Brooklyn Life.

There is civilization, enlightenment and economy in good roads. Good roads lead to prompt and steady attendance upon church services, school-room duties, neighborly intercourse and social advancement. Bad roads lead to profanity, worry, trials and tribulations and the loss of teams, vehicles, patience, opportunities for good markets and lots of time.

SUNSHINE COLUMN

NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY.

Mrs. J. M. Ransler, State President. The full address will be given to all who are interested, when only the initials appear in print.

Each correspondent should enclose stamp for reply.

Have you had a kindness shown?

Pass it on.

'Twas not given for you alone—

Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,

Let it wipe another's tears,

Till in heaven the deed appears—

Pass it on.

The President's Letter.

Sunshine, either literal or figurative, is one of the most beneficial things in the world. The light of sunshine puts strength into all growing things and the sunshine of good cheer puts courage and happiness and love into people's hearts.

Possibly one of the best things about the Sunshine Society is that it is not a charitable organization. Its guiding thought is to make people happy. Its spirit is that of giving in such a way as to create a desire to give in turn, whenever there is an opportunity. It seems to have no boundary lines and to be as widespread in its effects as the sunlight itself.

* * *

Now isn't it lovely that we are going to have a Sunshine column in our Progressive Farmer? It simply proves their right to their name. It shows that they really are "progressive," and shows also that they are not simply interested in how to get the most and best out of the soil, how to organize so that the tillers of the soil may make the best of their advantages, but that The Progressive Farmer is interested in each and every one of its readers individually. That they want us, farmers wives, not only to know how to be good cooks, good butter makers, good egg collectors, but they want us also to be happy.

* * *

You know the old recipe for happiness was to try and make others so. Well, it can't have that effect and be all one sided, but if all of us will try and "pass it on" it can't fail to strike each one of us some time, can it? Who will join us? You promise, if you can, to do one kind act within a month of the time you give your name. There are no money fees or dues. This is all, you just "pass on" all "good cheer" you can. Isn't it lovely?

* * *

Now I had a letter this week from Mrs. A. W., of Mitchell County, a dear Sunshiner, who is always bringing happiness to all she can. Her mother died nine years ago. Since then she has been a "shut in," never having known a well day in all that time. Husband, children, all gone before, her last sister "passing over" last January. She lives on a seven hundred acre farm and alone, excepting for the tenant people who work the farm on shares and a woman who takes personal care of her. Yet she writes beautiful, cheery letters. I wish you could read the one she wrote me, writing it propped up in bed.

Her mother was a King's Daughter and had the little silver cross badge on when buried. Her sister was a King's Daughter and a Sunshiner, and had both badges on her when they laid her to rest.

Among other good things in her letter she enclosed me a four leaf clover. An omen for our North Carolina Sunshine. This is what she wrote about it:

THE FOUR LEAVED CLOVER.

"I know a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry blooms burst like snow
And down underneath is the loveliest nook
Where the four-leaved clovers grow."

"One leaf is for hope, and one for faith,
And one is for love, you know,
And God put in another for luck;
If you search you will find where they grow."

"But you must have hope and you must have faith,
You must love and be strong: and so,
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaved clovers grow."

Mrs. W.'s address will be given to any of our farmers wives or daughters who would like to write her a good, cheery, sisterly letter, and thus lessen her loneliness.

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We want every farmer's wife or daughter to join our "Progressive Farmer Sunshine Club." There is "good cheer" in the way of some magazines and books at headquarters, to be passed on. A year of "Christian Herald"—who would like them?

Also there has been some quilt pieces donated that we don't know just where to place. We would rather send them some place where they are making a quilt for some charity; still charity begins at home and if there is some one you know of who needs these patches, we would like them to have them.

Then there is the prettiest kimona pattern, bias seam down the back, medium size, which will be sent to any one paying postage thereon.

* * *

I must tell you about a very faithful Sunshiner. A man—yes, men can be Sunshiners too. This one though does not want his name given. But he had a sick neighbor who needed good womanly care and nursing. She did not have it, and could not get it; there was no one to take care of her, and she was poor. So this man (and you know how all men hate to do housework, especially wash dishes; all I ever have seen, did, any way); well, this man sent his daughter, who was his own house keeper over to take care of this sick woman, till she got well, and he did his own cooking and his own lonesome eating; yes, and washed the dishes up nice and clean, at least they were that way when his daughter came home. I think he was heroic; don't you?

"Let your religion be seen. Lamps do not talk, but they do shine."